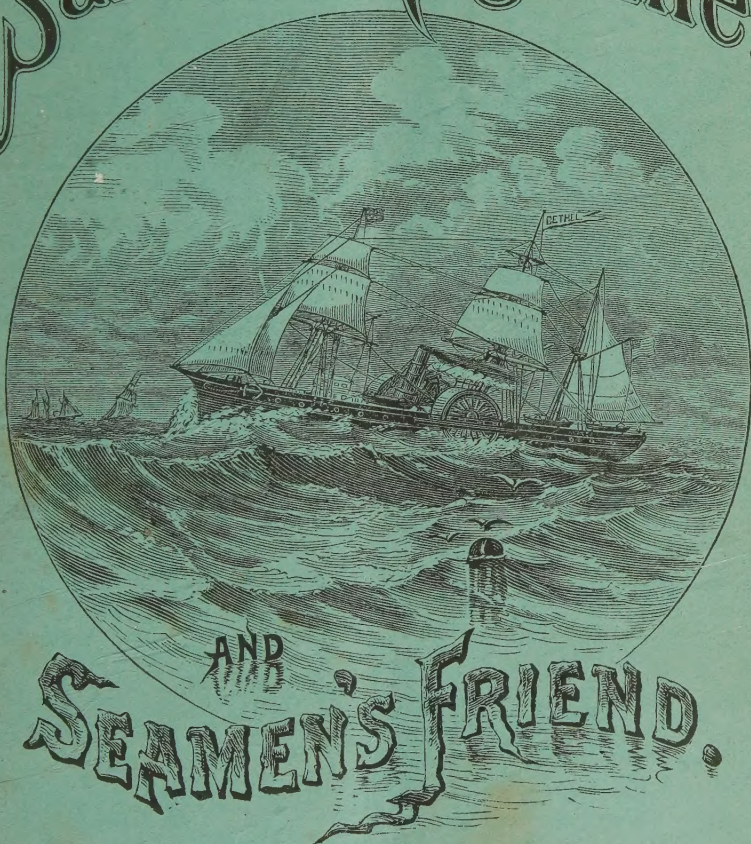


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No. 5.

THE
Sailors' Magazine,



AND
SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,
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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, the progress and the wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers \$1 a year invariably in advance. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, *upon an annual request for the same.* POSTAGE in advance—quarterly, at the office of delivery—within the United States, *twelve cents a year.*

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Is also issued as an eight page monthly tract adapted to Seamen, and for gratuitous distribution among them. It is furnished Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of one dollar per hundred—

THE LIFE BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and facts relating to Sea Libraries.

Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Post Office Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money *but always in a REGISTERED letter.* The registration fee has been reduced to *fifteen cents*, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. *All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.*



Vol. 44.

MAY, 1872.

No. 5.

ANNIVERSARY.

The FORTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, will be held in the Reformed Dutch Church, corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, Monday evening, May 6th, at half-past seven o'clock.

WM. A. BOOTH, Esq., will preside, and interesting addresses may be expected from Rev. H. M. SCUDDER, D. D., of Brooklyn, Rev. J. H. PETTINGELL, for the last six years, chaplain of the Society, at Antwerp Belgium, and others.

The ANNUAL SERMON will be preached in the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, on the preceding Sabbath evening, (May 5th) by the Rev. E. R. BEADLE, D. D., of Philadelphia.

THE ISLES OF THE SEA.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED IN THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO, BY REV. A. L. STONE, D. D., AFTER HIS RETURN FROM A VISIT TO HONOLULU, IN THE SUMMER OF 1871.

Is. 24: 15 "Wherefore glorify ye the Lord in the fires, even the name of the Lord God of Israel in the isles of the sea."

Sailing on over the central wastes of the broad Pacific, midway between the hemispheres, thousands of miles from either continental shore, the sight of the land comes to the voyager as a wonder and a surprise. What is yon dim blue cloud seen at closing day far off where the sky and ocean meet? "That," says the Captain, "is the

highest mountain of Maui, old Haleakala, more than 10,000 feet in height, and now eighty miles away." All eyes study that low fixed cloud till the short deepening twilight veils it from view. And a sweeter song, and a more thankful prayer rose that night around our family altar in the saloon of the good steamer *Ajax*. The early morning twilight reveals near at hand the bold pyramidal rock of Coco Head and the brightening dawn lights up the green mountain summits of Oahu. Our glasses are leveled at the strange land, and past the arid rocks of the shore line, and the surf breaking on coral reefs, we look up the spacious aisles of verdant valleys, and through cocoanut groves upon scenes of beauty and of grandeur, worth a long voyage to win and gaze upon. Soon we round the long extinct crater of Diamond Head and through a gateway of the reef, steam into port.

Before us lies the beautiful little city of Honolulu, nestled amid a forest of tropical shade, all planted by the hand of man, with the back ground of the emerald mountains, lifting themselves 4,000 feet in air. Natives of both sexes dash down to the wharf on fleet horses, all riding alike on both sides the steed, all decently clad, and their bright animated faces showing a higher style of intelligence and of personal attraction than a stranger would be prepared to expect. The accents of the Hawaiian tongue fall not unmusically on our ear—that tongue in which a new born nation now reads and speaks the word of God and sings the songs of redeeming love. One word alone has a familiar sound, that *Aloha*, with its sweet English meaning of "love to you," which is the interchange of salutation and parting friends, and seems a perpetual social benediction.

The proverbial hospitality of the islands asserts itself at once, and before I can begin to question whither to turn my steps, I find my hand in the cordial grasp of a stranger's hand, and a pleasant voice is saying, "you will make your home with me."

A ride through the streets, taking one past many shops of lowly and somewhat *rudish* style of architecture, yet on the whole deepens the impression first made of the beauty of the town. One white cottage after another, with its wealth of shade, its ample garden grounds, its broad inviting verandas, its glimpse of matted floors and tasteful furnishing within, charms the eye, and suggests a home life of comfort, refinement and elegance. And after weeks of exploration and familiarity with these urban villas, I must testify that I have never seen sweeter or fairer or more winsome homes in any land than many of these cottage mansions of the foreign residents of Honolulu. To a young and ambitious spirit craving excitement, and longing to feel the stir and pulse of the great world, to be lifted on its ground-swell of resolution and progress, to drink the wine of its enterprise and achievement, and be whirled along in the train of its great movements, this island life might seem too quiet and isolated. But to one who has drunk deep enough already of that stimulating cup, and expended many a time the full ardors of his soul in strenuous field-days, it seems to me these restful retreats might present an almost irresistible fascination.

Nor need it be a drowsy and slumberous life which one should lead in this island world. Give him here a spirit of enterprise and he will find enough to employ and absorb it. He may lavish his capital and his strength, his skill and his ambition upon any of the new

industries inviting and rewarding such outlay. He may build up trade and inaugurate a wider sweep of enriching commerce. Especially if he have a heart to glorify God and serve humanity, he may put his hand to the rising fabric of Christian civilization and help to rear for its arching dome many a pillar of strength and beauty yet to be supplied. One need not stagnate on the island or sink down into tropical sloth for want of something to do. It may even be doubted whether the climate itself is enervating. The summer weather is far less oppressive in its intensity than in our own interiors or in the cities of New York and Boston. Of course there can be found localities on the leeward side of the islands level with the sea margin, where the air is still and the sun is scorching. But even at Lahaina, or Maui, the abundant shade interrupts the fiery floods, and a few hundred feet of climbing on the rapidly ascending slopes give you the gracious airs of a different zone. And then on all the windward shores and through the gorges of the mountains the regular trade winds pour in with every morning the cooling breath of the sea—the evenings are dewy and fresh with delicious breezes, and never a sultry night. On the Island of Oahu the mercury seldom rises above 80°, and at the head of the lovely Nuuanu valley along which the pleasantest part of Honolulu stretches, a remarkable rift in the mountain wall at the Pali tunnels the ocean wind down upon the houses of the city before the sun is intemperately hot, and after the day is done. There may be with the lapse of years a growing disinclination to active labor, under a sky from which no frosty tonic ever falls, but I could not so judge from the business habits of the gentleman of whom I saw most.

Of course the foreign life of Honolulu is heterogeneous and cosmopolitan, and presents some variety of types and aspects. But the leading social elements of the town are in harmony with the best ideals of refined and cultivated society. I give the stronger emphasis to this testimony because a contrary impression may have been derived from recent statements somewhat wantonly made and put in print. Considering the proportions of foreign and native life, it would be hard to find in any city of 10,000 inhabitants, I don't care where you go, a greater number of families whose entire demonstration evidences a more generous cultivation of mind and heart and manners, than can be found in the chief city of the Hawaiian group. Because they are isolated from the movements of humanity on a continental scale, and shut up somewhat to themselves, they are more conversant with books, they turn more naturally to literature, they read more and think more, than would perhaps be the case if their geographical kingdom were broader. If any one expects to find them uninformed in respect to the latest progress of events, or the current phases of human thought, inquiry and speculation, and to be an almoner to them of charitable intelligence, it will not take him long to find out his mistake. And whoever writes them down ignorant, stilted and antiquated in their social and intellectual development, must either have been very unfortunate in his alliances or incapable of appreciating the charm of a refined simplicity, or willing to bear false witness. Of course there are not many social excitements in a sphere so isolated and so restricted; and all the more for this the internal resources of the social elements are levied upon, and this kind of tribute

made richer and larger. There is a noticeable absence of cold and stiff ceremonial, a warmth, a friendliness, a heartiness that breathe out the deepest truth and the sincerest welcomes and make even a stranger feel at home. I am not speaking extravagant eulogy, but the soberest convictions of my mind after mingling for weeks in the pleasant fellowship concerning which I make this record.

The peaceful order and quiet of Honolulu are worthy of observation. The evenings are still. The Sabbath is kept as a divine ordinance. The churches, foreign and native, are filled. They are a church going people—quite as remarkably as the inhabitants of any old-time far off New England village.

I saw but one person on all the islands under the influence of intoxicating drink; and he was a sailor just landed in Honolulu. Each dealer in such beverages pays a thousand dollars annually for his license, a heavy duty upon his liquors, and then is absolutely inhibited by law from selling one drop to a native, under penalty of heavy fines and forfeiture of his license. Some attempts have been made from time to time, to modify these stringent provisions, but the Government, thus far, is busily and notoriously rigorous in their maintenance.

But you will, I think, feel most interest in learning something of the aspect of the native life in these regenerated "isles of the sea."

In Honolulu, on Oahu, Lahaina and Wailuku, on Maui, Hilo, on Hawaii, and other large towns or villages, many of the natives live in small neat framed houses, neatly painted, neatly furnished and showing many signs of taste and care in green window blinds, broad verandas, climbing and flowering vines, and well kept grounds and paths.

In the rougher and wilder portions of the islands, they occupy the grass houses of their own original type of architecture, not a few of them spacious and comfortable, even for those accustomed to all the appliances of civilized life.

In costume, with few exceptions among the men, and none that I saw among the women, they conform to the English idea; except that the long loose outside garment of the women is seldom belted at the waist. Many of the women go barefoot, which is no hardship in that ever genial clime, but many of them also are as daintily furnished with stockings and gaiters as their fairer sisters. One would suppose that when a naked barbaric race take to dress, they would develop a love of finery, a fondness for brilliant display, and gorgeous coloring; but it does not seem to be so with these Hawaiian converts. Here and there a little of this tendency appears, and it was a masculine display chiefly that I saw, but I was surprised at the sobriety and moderation with which the women of the Islands select and fashion their wardrobe. Neither in excess nor in deficiency of toilet, will the aspect of a Sabbath congregation of natives offend the eye, or in fact, attract to itself special attention, unless for its tastefulness and propriety. In some of the rough out-districts, most remote from the influence of the foreign element and from habits of village life, the men occasionally exhibit a more primitive simplicity of apparelling. There is perhaps with all the island natives less sensitiveness to partial exposure of the person than with the conventional modesty of our type of civilization, scarcely surpassing however, in degree, that which consents to what is called "the full dress" of the saloons of fashionable life. It gathers to itself no

more comment or notice than the paintings and statuary of gay European capitals; presenting a kind of common ground on which semi-barbarism and the extreme of refined civilization stand together, and holding up the suggestion that in the matter of real modesty the fastidious prudery of an eye on the look-out for offense may not worthily claim the palm.

The wants of the natives are but few. It were better for them if they were more. Bountiful nature supplies them almost spontaneously with the necessities of life. Anything that will shelter them from the rain is all they need of wall or roof. Their taro patch and breadfruit will furnish them with food. The universal poi made from their taro is both relishing and sustaining. A little occasional industry will earn for them the few rials that pay their moderate taxes, and buy for them the simple articles of foreign manufacture which they need to supplement the gifts of nature. As a consequence they are not given as a race to steady and continuous labor. You will see them at every hour of the day sitting on the ground in the shade or basking in the sun, in the very luxury of idleness. Why should they work when they have, with now and then a stroke or two of toil, all they want? If one of them grows an extra crop of taro, his neighbors and acquaintances think it right to share his better providence as long as it lasts, and in what is he the better off for his diligence and prudence. It never occurs to him to question his self-invited guests, or if it does his hospitality forbids it. He may as well forage as produce. It seems an almost impracticable lesson for them to learn to lay up ahead for a wet day coming. If a special demand for their labor puts a few dollars

into their hands, it is not invested for the future, but consumed on some mere festal expenditures for the present. Why not "let them enjoy as they go along—why should they be slaves to hard work all their years and then leave behind what they have accumulated?" So their way is to spend as they go. If a pinch comes, some more fortunate friend or a day or two's hire of their muscles, will carry them through.

There is a gradual corrective to this state of things in what they are taught by their Christian teachers, and in what they see of the foreign life in contact with their own. One artificial want after another begins to assert itself. These wants impose labor and stimulate forethought. They are beginning to feel that they must be better lodged than they are, better clad, sit in chairs, not on the ground; eat from a well spread table not from a calabash between their knees, buy books, send their children to school and maintain in various ways a respectable personal and domestic standing. It is not respectable to be ignorant, to be shabby, to drift backward toward the mere vegetation of a heathen life. A higher motive thus invites them continually, inspires a discontent with the fruits of idleness, and shows them instances among themselves of self-improvement and personal advancement which kindle their emulation. So they become blacksmiths, carpenters and small farmers—they hire out for service on the wharves, and upon sugar plantations—they engage as domestic helpers, gardeners, hostlers, house nurses, and their native indolence and all the old habits of the tropical life are thus, to some extent, counteracted. But toward this industrial and financial growth the process is slow, the moving forces languid and the in-

ertia great. Indeed I don't know but you are tempted yourself to say, "Perhaps their philosophy of life is, on the whole, the wisest—take things easy, live by the day, let the morrow take care of its own things. 'Man wants but little here below'—'having food and raiment, let us be therewith content.'"

As to their moral and religious state, they have accepted, as you know, from the faithful labors of their missionary teachers, the Bible as the word of God, and Christianity as the faith that saves. They have the Bible in their own tongue, and great numbers are able to read it. They have also many Christian hymns in their native language, and are very fond of singing them to the tunes which for us have so many hallowed associations. They are naturally a musical people. And I have never heard sweeter or richer voices in sacred song than some I have listened to in their public and domestic worship. Their faith seems to me both simple and intelligent. There is much of a child-like spirit in it, while there is also the strength of deep and full conviction. Of course some of their early superstitions cling partially to them yet, but the revealed will of God is sovereign authority with them in every practical question. They remember and keep the Sabbath day. They are a church-going people. On the long rough trail that skirts the principal island, it was pleasant to see in every thin and scattered village of native huts, the Christian church, and to know that on each Sunday the whole population come together to hear from a native pastor some message of divine truth. These churches and their pastors are under the supervision of some missionary bishop, whose care of the wide diocese is faithful, fruitful and laborious. In any of these rude native houses,

where you are sheltered for the night, invite the occupants to family prayer, and you will very likely be surprised at the joyful alacrity of their response. They produce their Bibles—some in Hawaiian and some in English, (for a son or a daughter of the house, has been educated perhaps in some of the mission schools) and read with you, each in his turn around the circle, the chapter that you select. The prayer may be to some of them in an unknown tongue, but it is addressed to the one God in whom they have learned to believe, and offered in the name of the Mediator whose work of love is their hope and trust, and they join in its offering with every outward token of interest and devotion. You sleep beneath such roofs with no sense of fear, no necessity of keeping watch and guard over any treasure, small or great. You and your goods are safe from molestation as though armed men patrolled the round of your lodging place through all the hours of your slumber. You are more than safe. Whatever the kindest hospitality can do to promote your comfort, is freely offered—the best resting place in the domicile is yours—the mats are piled to make your couch soft, and your privacy secured, if you suffer it, by their own exile into the open air. You may reward them if you will for their contribution to your needs, but if you do not, you are welcome to all they have supplied, and are to feel that they hold it a privilege to have entertained you as a guest.

Naturally they are generous and kind. They seem in all relations and fellowship, amiable and affectionate. I saw not one instance of personal dissension between them in all my mingling with them. I heard not one word spoken in hate or anger. And you are made to feel that the spirit of the Gospel

of peace and love has breathed upon them, and the old angelic "good will" flows down through all the channel of their lives.

The sentiment of purity and chastity in their relations with one another and with foreigners, is one that needed at first an absolute creation, and since an assiduous development. There had to be a kind of artificial conscience supplied them in reference to the evil of their native habits. The testimony of this cultivated conscience is, with some of them, pronounced and imperative; and with others is still faint and inconclusive. They do not judge a transgression of this kind to be grossly vile, and fall into it without a sense of unpardonable guilt. It is a long stride, my friends, from the darkness of heathenism to the clearness of moral apprehension which attends upon the light and nurture of Christian society in Christian lands. The Gospel may be received upon its announcement, and a Saviour accepted as soon as his story is told, but a sharp moral discernment, the supremacy of moral ideas, the coronation of new moral standards is a slower process, and must be waited for in patience and charity.

As to the future of these islands it would be rash to prophecy in set terms. It will be safe to say, however, that they will be visited more and more from our shores, for the beauty and grandeur of their scenery, the peculiar charm of social life which they present, and the victories of Christian nurture over Paganism and Idolatry. In neither hemisphere can the traveler find more wonderful and rewarding aspects of nature. The uplift of lofty mountains like Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, on the Island of Hawaii, rising about 14,000 feet from the level of the sea—the terrible and savage desolation of great

lava fields—black glaciers outvying in length and breadth the blue-white glaciers of the Alps—the surging fury of Kilauea—the most magnificent living volcano in the world—the vast crater of Haleakala, 10,000 feet in height, its rim, 30 miles in circumference, its bed 2,000 feet below the summit of its rocky walls, with a score of crater cones scattered on its surface, looking like ant hills from the crest, and yet hundreds of feet from base to top—the tossing sea of green mountain billows on West Maui, with strange rifts and chasms between, furnishing more studies for the canvas than almost any other field the wide earth can show; the grand and lovely valley of Wailuku penetrating deep into this rocky system with its guardian walls, from 3,000 to 6,000 feet in height, thin laminæ of rock moved forward fold beyond fold like stage scenery on a colossal scale, all clothed in vivid intense green as though tapestried in emerald velvet, and pockets and cliffs of this deep verdure, charming and resting the eye with a full and foaming stream roaring down the rocky valley bed, presenting a world of loveliness and of majesty, wonderful and fascinating, even to one who has gazed upon the unrivalled glories of our own Yosemite, it is easy to predict, I say, that such scenery has only to be known to draw to it an ever increasing number of pilgrims from every land. The time will come when Eastern visitors and tourists of the old world will not stop at our shore line, content with California marvels, but will push on over the Pacific plain to regale the eye and the taste, and to enrich art and song with these island wonders.

The foreign element in the Hawaiian Kingdom is becoming, of course, with every year, of increasing weight and importance. There

must be, I think, a growing commerce for these "isles of the sea"—already the half-way house between Australia and our Golden Gate. Men of capital, enterprise and large sagacity are laying their plans for an increased production of island products and an enlarged and extending trade. This element is, to a great extent, in sympathy with the religious prosperity of the islands, and every American traveler will congratulate himself and his country that the official representatives of his national flag, are men who fitly guard the honor and purity, not only of the civil principles of the Republic, but of her type of Christian institutions.

Whether there is a better and happier future for the native population it is more difficult to say. They are politically the governing race. But in all the relations of the *people* to the foreign life they are of course inferiors. They are a simple hearted, inoffensive and quiet element. They are easily and indolently content with the generousities of their climate, and its almost spontaneous productions. It is hard to inspire them with personal ambitions. They yield themselves gladly to the nurture and control of their Christian teachers, and will, it may be hoped, advance

in their conformity to Christian ideas, and in practical morality. But whether their decadence in numbers can be arrested, whether they can be guided with energy and enterprise and save themselves as an independent race and nation, growing in wealth and power, and in all the forces of a various and self-sustaining civilization is a problem around which the clouds hang deep and dark. No solution of it is over sanguine or colored with the brightness of an assured hope.

We may at least thank God that the Sun of Righteousness has shone upon the homes and hearts of this fading race, and that if their doom be written, its final issues are clothed with the light that streams from a revealed and blessed immortality. And that when the central fires that have lifted these lovely islands shall have flamed forth in that last conflagration which shall consume the continents and isles of earth together and there shall be no more land and no more sea, we may meet on that other "crystal sea" before the throne of God and the Lamb, multitudes of these redeemed islanders, as fellow members of the one great family gathered from "every people and tribe and tongue" of earth to wear one likeness and sing one song in Heaven.

THE BLACK VALLEY RAIL ROAD.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE PLYMOUTH ASSOCIATION OF CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS, BY REV. JOSEPH PECKHAM, OF KINGSTON, MASS., AND PUBLISHED AT THEIR REQUEST.

It is the purpose of the reviewer to say a few words upon allegory in general, and a few more upon this allegory in particular.

The word allegory from the two Greek words, "*allos*," something else, and "*agoreuein*," to speak,

signifies a discourse in which the principal subject is described by another resembling it in its properties, relations and circumstances. It is a continued metaphor or a succession of metaphors. It differs from a parable in that it is a *figura-*

tive description of what is real in nature, imparting its lessons as it proceeds, while the parable is a *literal* description of what is real in nature, from which an important moral is drawn for instruction. Underneath the literal meaning, we discover the spiritual. The outward is arranged to conform to the inward sense, as the body is made a fitting dress of the soul.

But it may be rightfully said of allegories, as of parables, that they do not walk on all fours. Many things are put in for the simple filling up, for embellishment, or for an increased interest of the narrative. Where there are too many points indeed, it becomes confused and wearisome, while if it is distant, vague, or improbable, it loses its interest and force.

Sometimes as a fable, it may teach a moral by its simple spirit. A piece of sculpture or a painting may be allegorical if the external form represents some grand sentiment or idea. Thus the statuary of the ancient gods was designed to personify their characteristic qualities. The projected National Monument at Plymouth with its central surrounding figures is allegorical, since it presents morality, education, freedom and law as the legitimate offspring of faith.

An allegory may be read with deep interest for its simple story, as the *Pilgrim's Progress* by a child, or it may be read for the correspondence between the story and its spiritual lessons or it may be read for its spiritual lessons alone. A lady without a deep religious experience might say of Scott's edition of the *Pilgrim*, that she understood it all but the Notes. Another lady of great religious experience could read it with a true insight and profit, with or without the notes. While most allegories afford instruction, giving greater clear-

ness to our views of truth, their main end is impression. "Allegories," says Addison, "when well chosen are like so many tracks of light in a discourse, that make everything about them clear and beautiful. A noble metaphor, when it is placed to advantage, casts a kind of glory round it and darts a lustre through a whole sentence."

The allegory accomplishes instruction by the increased attention it enlists and interest it awakens. What Hannah More has said of the parable, may, with a little variation, be said of the allegory:

"Little reaches the understanding of the masses but through the medium of the senses. Hence, instruction by way of allegory is naturally adapted to engage attention; it is easily comprehended and is suited to the meanest capacity and while it opens the doctrines it proposes to conceal, it gives no alarm to our prejudices and passions; it communicates unwelcome truth in the least disagreeable manner; it points out mistakes, and insinuates reproof with less offence and with greater efficacy than undisguised contradiction and open rebuke. By laying hold on the imagination, it insinuates itself into the affections, and by the intercommunication of the faculties, the understanding is made to apprehend the truth which was proposed to the fancy."

It will thus be seen that the allegory is a peculiarly fitting vehicle to convey the truth to the skeptical and prejudiced. The sacred writers often employed it with great effect. The history of the journey of the Children of Israel from Egypt to Canaan is itself an allegory which he who runs may read. The story of the trees that went forth to anoint a king over them, as told by Jotham in the Book of the Judges is allegorical. That inimit-

able poem, the Book of Canticles, is of the same general cast. So is the account of old age in the 12th chapter of Ecclesiastes, of the Christian armor by Paul in the Epistle to the Ephesians, and of the builder by the same author, as a representation of the Christian teacher. I know it is thought by some that allegory has had its day, that it culminated in John Bunyan, and that there is no further room for the inventions of genius here and the interests of novelty. But even Solomon claimed that there was nothing new under the sun in his day. Every great author, as Homer and Shakspeare, has been accused of plagiarism; Wendell Phillips, in his famous lecture on "The Lost Arts" assumes that the novels of the world may be traced back to a few, which were improvised during a time now out of mind, and even Chaucer, the reputed father of English poetry, declared:

For out of the old field as men saith
Cometh all this new corn from year to year,
And out of the old books in good faith,
Cometh all this new science that men lere.

Think it not strange, therefore, that John Bunyan himself has been accused of learning his allegory from predecessors. Shut up in Bedford jail with only his Bible, Concordance, and Fox's book of Martyrs, we should suppose that he must have drawn his allegory from his own deep experience as set forth in "Grace Abounding," as the spider draws its web from its own body, yet there are those who have fished up from the rubbish of the preceding age a few pamphlets such as "The Pilgrimage of the Soul," "The Pilgrimage to Perfection," "The Pilgrimage of Willkin and Dovekin to their beloved in Jerusalem," and they declared that Bunyan must have built upon them. But as a matter of fact, more than a dozen allegories with the name

of Pilgrim for a part of their titles have been written since Bunyan's times, yet neither those written since, nor those written before have any considerable number of readers, or are scarcely known beyond the antiquarian's library. John Bunyan, coming up from the humblest walks of common people to a first place in the standard literature of the age, has maintained his position solely by his unmistakable genius.

Now it is no stinted praise of the "Black Valley Railroad," by Rev. S. W. Hanks, when it is asserted on all hands, that since the days of Bunyan, no allegory can compare with this for power, interest and usefulness. The cause of temperance has had many effective advocacies, but we doubt whether it has had one which is destined to do a nobler work than this.

It is true that the idea of a railroad in this species of composition is not new. A few years ago we remember reading a brief work, setting forth a railroad from the city of Destruction to the Celestial city as one of the improvements of modern Christianity over the old pilgrim pathway of Bunyan. But in the Black Valley we have the figure of the railroad applied to a different subject, and we think with much greater force.

It occurred to me on first reading the book, that the author had made a mistake in not giving more personal or individual histories of those who started at Sippington or Medicineville, and who went entirely over this road to ruin, or who were finally reformed, and returned to sobriety. But my second thought was that only persons who had been drunkards themselves and who had reformed, could properly describe these individual trips over this railroad. Here is room for some other genius, a man who can

speak with the tongue of the learned, to arise, and give us personal character and adventures, as in the case of Christian, Hopeful, and others in Pilgrim's Progress. The author's standpoint is that of observation, not of experience. Hence he gives us statistics, takes broad views and presents a connected account of the evils of intemperance as well as of the means of reformation.

The Black Valley Railroad is intended to portray a great *social vice*; one that starts amid seductive promises and blandishments, and that is rapid and irresistible in its downward course. With great propriety the road is made to begin at Sippington—a town, with its two millions of population—a city of unusual gayety and fashion, where almost all the inhabitants are in the flush and bloom of youth; and with equal fitness it is made to end in Destruction and Storm-land. The locomotives are under the engineership of the Evil One,—there is no stopping at any station after the fifth, namely the Drunkard's Curve, every passenger who thereafter leaves the train, being thrown out at the risk of life or limb.

There are plenty of stockholders of the road, but there are no conductors or other employees who are at work for the public good. Their only interest is to promote their own selfish end, and bring in large dividends to the corporations. All is on the high pressure system of drive and smash.

By the advertisement or timetable, which we find at the commencement of the book, and which is doubtless put up at the great depot at Sippington, this statement is made prominent, "All accidents from collision are entirely avoided as only down trains are run over the road." Still we should suppose

that if the very names of the stations did not strike a terror, and prevent many from buying tickets, the fact that those who leave are not expected to return, except by slow coaches and ambulances would clearly indicate the dreadful character of the road. The time-table, therefore, is a pungent temperance lecture to all thoughtful people. If the Sippingtonians, were not already somewhat bewildered, they would be warned by it, and would never venture a passage.

There is something in the excitement of car-riding which banishes all thoughts of danger. The most timid people, when once on board the train, and when borne along with lightning speed through the country, usually forget all their fears. So with those who are on the Black Valley Road, the farther they advance the more reckless they become. And in many cases they are not brought to their senses until they are forcibly thrown out and consciously feel the ground rising up to meet them.

There must be moments, however, when all passengers have glimpses of the awful realities around and before them. It would be difficult to pass even the most rapidly through such places as Rowdyville, Prisonton, Maniacville, and Idiot Flats, without receiving an impression of the dreadful business of the Road. Nor is conscience with its hornet stings wholly dead. The conviction will sometimes force itself upon the mind, that we have no right to patronize such a concern. We had better jump from the train at the risk of immediate death than to proceed farther. A little soothing cordial or syrup from some stockholder however, is usually sufficient to banish all such fears and greatly to assure the poor traveller, and his language is, "On with the ride!

Let joy be unconfined." "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

It will be seen that the passage on the Black Valley Railroad is an apt illustration of the drunkard's life. The case is so plain, that there is scarcely any metaphor or allegory in the description.

Our author has been equally fortunate in his account of the Temperance Reform—comparing it to the introduction of water for washing away the road and its depots, and for fertilizing the country. We may say that the conception is grand—is magnificent. He tells this part of his story with an exhilarating power, and sometimes with a sublime eloquence. The ending of the dark picture is most unexpected. Instead of the dismal valley and horrible desert the transformation is as beautiful and as glorious as from the slough of Despond and the prison of the Giant Despair to the Land of Beulah and the Celestial City itself.

Of course, in this brief review, it is impossible to touch upon all the excellences of this unique temperance volume. As a history of the evils of intemperance and the means which have been *tried* to remove them, it is both concise and full. The style of the book is clear as crystal. The plainest readers—the meanest capacities will find no difficulty in understanding both the story and the application. There is a vein of native humor running through almost every page, and there are not a few passages of genuine and tender pathos.

Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is a natural succession of word paintings, so clear and striking that the artist who puts them upon the canvass has but little to do in the way of invention. The Black Valley Allegory is but a natural unfolding of the scenes in the *picture* which

was the *first* to be conceived and made.

Often more is achieved by one vivid impression than by the whole pages of roundabout talk. But in the case of the Black Valley, we scarcely know the difference between the word pictures and the artist's illustrations. It is much the same as between the photograph and the engraving. One is a copy from life—the other is a copy of the copy. Mr. Hanks' word-pictures are drawn from life, the artist's pictures are drawn from Mr. Hanks. There is this in favor of the artist, however, that he has individualized the general and given us the whole class or genus in the species. Not to give the artist too much praise, however, we presume that he simply obeyed the instructions of the author.

The best test of any book is its usefulness. Not the most sensational books are the most useful—though we all should read the book that everybody is reading. There must be something real in such book. It is a great thing to have the appetite whetted up so as to read with a real gusto. But after all, the book whose impression is most lasting—which informs the understanding, stirs up the conscience and which produces the most wide-spread good, is the book of true genius. Judged by this standard, the Black Valley is destined to stand in the front rank of literature. Thousands will read it not only to be entertained, but impressed and improved. Both seamen and landsmen have looked upon the picture which is the prototype of the book, to forsake their cups and to become sober, rational men again. Let these twin works of genius and goodness, the picture and the book continue their heavenly mission till the last grogshop is closed, and the last bond-

man to strong drink is free, then if Mr. Hanks has done no other *good* or *great thing* in his life—these will suffice for his *crown*.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE SUN.

The astronomy of the ancients was empirical. They foretold with a distant approach to accuracy in time, most of the lunar and some of the solar eclipses. These vaticinations were, however, based not upon any knowledge of the real orbits of the earth and its satellite, but on expectations of the recurrence of eclipses in the future as in the past, at certain intervals or cycles of time; the calculations being somewhat aided by observations of similar cycles in the apparent motions of the sun and moon. The first great steps which lifted astronomy out of the speculations of fancy and the superstitions of astrology, and established it among the exact sciences, consisted in applying the ascertained laws of motion and equilibrium, as observed on earth, to the movements of the heavenly bodies. It was upon the assumption that those laws were the same throughout the universe, that the group of Italian mathematicians among whom Galileo was the most prominent figure, demonstrated the movement of the earth around the sun; that Newton deduced the doctrine of gravity; that Laplace evolved the nebular hypothesis. Till very recently, astronomy simply added new facts to the already abundant evidence that the forces actuating masses of matter are everywhere the same; but within little more than a decade it has been demonstrated that the matter itself, the very substance of which the earth is formed, is identical with that of world's beyond the sky.

We are yet too near the discoveries of the present to recognize

their magnitude, and we can with difficulty appreciate the immense strides which the science of to-day is making. It is very doubtful whether any previous development of knowledge in the history of our race is as great as those which are ushered in under the names of "The Conservation of Force," "The Mechanical Theory of Heat," and the wonders which follow in the wake of "Spectrum Analysis." Great as are these advances, they are probably only the outskirts of still more marvelous discoveries, the dawn of which is already illuminating our horizon. It is chiefly, however, to the last-named means of research that we are indebted for a knowledge of the materials of which other worlds are formed. We know that all substances exist in the form of either solids, liquids, vapors or gases; that the addition of heat alone makes the change from solid to liquid, to vapor, to gas; and that such change consists simply of a more rapid vibration of the atoms of the substances themselves. It is difficult to most persons to conceive of the fact that even the most solid substances consist of vibrating atoms, but it may assist the popular conception to consider that the atoms are so small, relatively, to the spaces they move in, that they have been not unjustly linked to planets circling in their orbits.

Spectrum analysis deals exclusively with light; in other words, with the impressions made upon our optic nerves by waves of ether set in motion by some substances whose atoms are vibrating with enormous rapidity, so that it is red-

hot, or more probably white-hot. The analysis consists in passing the light through a prism so that it is deflected and divided into a set of separate colors called a spectrum. Solids and liquids heated to luminousness have no variety of spectra; they merely give what is called a continuous spectrum of the primary colors, the same for each. But every vapor or gas has a separate spectrum, consisting of a series of colored lines or bands peculiar to itself, and always occupying the same position by measurement in a spectrum of given size. As every known substance can be converted into a luminous gas or vapor, there is thus provided a means for its identification. Furthermore, if white light be transmitted through any luminous gas or vapor and then divided by a prism, in the continuous spectrum thus obtained there is found a series of black lines taking the place of whatever series of colored lines may be characteristic of the particular gas or vapor.

With this knowledge in hand, the light from the sun and stars, from filmy nebula and wandering comet, from fleeting meteors and glimmering auroras; has been arrested and compelled to tell the story of its birth, to render up the secret of its existence. And as the sun is not only one of the fixed stars, but exceedingly similar in constitution to a great, though not the largest number of important ones—being a yellow star, like Arcturus or Capella—it is desirable to have the leading facts in its case, to begin with. It is largely with reference to this analysis that eclipse expeditions acquire interest and importance. The expeditions of England and France to the East Indies and Australia with reference to the eclipse of last December, are slowly contributing a few of the items of information gather-

ed. The spectroscope some time ago dispelled the belief previously held by many astronomers, that in the interior of dark spots on the sun a molten or solid nucleus is visible; but rendered it probable, nevertheless, that there is such a nucleus, as that alone would be likely to give the continuous solar spectrum. The light from this nucleus has to pierce a series of luminous vapors or atmospheres before it is fairly clear of the sun; and the dark spots which are believed to be rifts in vaporous clouds, contain within their vortices vapors hotter perhaps, but certainly more condensed than the surrounding clouds. Such vapors, such clouds, such atmospheres! Iron, calcium, barium, magnesium, sodium, heated till they are transparent gases! Outside of this an envelope of red-hot hydrogen gas, say 5,000 miles in thickness, called a chromosphere, in which there are frequent eruptions! Dr. Young of Dartmouth College, one of the most successful of spectroscopic observers, on the 7th of September last, saw an explosion that threw red-hot hydrogen up 200,000 miles in air. Air? Well, it consists of a bright white gas, called the corona, lying on the red-hot hydrogen, and one observer with the English eclipse expedition, writing from India last December, says it has a definite limit at an altitude from the sun's surface of 22 times our earth's diameter. Outside of this, or more probably a part of it, for observers differ, there is a grand aureola—a luminous halo of star-pointed rays.

This corona and halo, visible only at the crowning moment of total solar eclipse, have furnished a field whereon men of science have been testing their weapons, not to say their tempers. They have declared that this light gave a continuous spectrum, but they did not them-

selves believe it proceeded from a substance either hotter or more condensed than the red-hot hydrogen below it. Letters just received from the British observers in India admit the radial structure of the corona; that is, that it seems to consist of streams radiating as if forced outward from the sun: thus confirming the American observations of August 7th, 1869, which were received at the time with much incredulity. Prof. Harkness of the U. S. Naval Observatory, in his official report of the eclipse expedition of Dec. 22, 1870, states his reasons for believing the corona a gaseous envelope of which hydro-

gen is an element. And now Mr. Janssen of the French expedition, writing from Sholoor, Dec. 19, 1871, seven days after the eclipse, claims that he has solved the riddle. The spectrum of the corona is not continuous, but exceedingly complex, containing so many bright lines as to have caused this mistake about it. He finds in it some weak hydrogen; some of the known constituents of the sun itself, notably the vapor of sodium; and most particularly that famous line, "1474," found also in the aurora and the zodiacal light, which the wise men of earth have as yet failed to identify.

IRON vs. WOODEN SHIPS—SECRETARY ROBESON'S SPECIAL REPORT.

The special report on our shipping interests, laid before Congress by Secretary ROBESON in response to a resolution of inquiry, is a valuable contribution to the mass of documentary evidence which bears upon one of the vital questions of the day. The Secretary was requested to offer explanations, suggestions, and recommendations concerning the work in iron ship building yards, the economy of expenditure in the Navy, and the best methods of restoring our Commerce—a broad field of inquiry, to which full justice could be done only in a long and exhaustive report. Mr. Robeson has made a condensed statement, without attempting to do more than to indicate the general principles which in his judgment, should guide the action of Congress; and although some of his conclusions will be controverted, the sincerity of his convictions must be acknowledged.

Two points are suggested by this report which deserve careful consideration. One of these is the ex-

pediency of fixing upon proper routes for an ocean steamship service, selecting them with direct reference to the use and development of our home resources and the opening of the most desirable markets and sources of supply. In the formation of these routes, not only the present but the future requirements of Commerce should be considered; great steaming distances should be guarded against by providing places of supply and coaling stations; and depots of exchange at available ports could be made an important element in the creation of needed facilities. The development of our commercial interests on the Pacific is a question of immediate interest, involving the whole carrying trade of the East, and pointing to future results of the most imposing magnitude; and to this are to be added the growing trade of the Mexican Gulf and the European system, which latter has fallen almost entirely into the hands of foreign shippers. It is evident that the new avenues for commercial enterprise will soon

be occupied by our rivals unless some wise measure of relief is adopted by Congress, and in the hope of aiding in the restoration of our shipping to the place it formerly occupied, the Secretary of the Navy offers his suggestions with an unusual degree of earnestness and force. Like many other sincere persons, he sees no other way to build up our shattered mercantile marine than to subsidize new companies—but he is entitled to credit for the recommendation of an improved method of performing this unnecessary service. The form of aid now proposed is a guaranty by the United States of the bonds of the steamship companies to a fair amount of the capital required for each line—but it is not yet proved that subsidies, whether direct or indirect, are better than the repeal of the registry prohibition. Our shipping merchants ask permission to buy back their own ships, and they argue with irresistible force that the repeal of onerous taxes and tariffs must necessarily precede all efforts of American ship-builders to compete with their foreign rivals.

The other point suggested by Mr. Robeson's report, is, however, the most important of all. It covers the whole question of the use of iron ships in the mercantile service. The multiplication of iron vessels has been so rapid during the past ten years that wooden ships are virtually displaced—yet recent events have demonstrated the unfitness of the former for severe and continued service. The statistics of marine disasters show that out of forty-two Atlantic steamers lost at sea between the years 1841 and 1872, thirty-eight were of iron and only four of wood; while of the line of iron ships running into the St. Lawrence and Portland, nine were lost between 1857 and 1864; and five iron sailing vessels, all built in

Great Britain, and sent to sea in 1865 and 1868, have never been heard from. This singular fatality proves that in heavy seas and storms, iron ships are inferior to those built of wood.—*Evg. Post.*

A New Life-Boat.

A new life-boat has been recently invented by a Mr. J. M. Harris of England. The object of this life-boat is to afford a safe transit through a stormy sea, and at the same time to secure the passengers from that exposure to cold and storm which often proves quite as perilous to passengers not unused to such exposure, as that more immediate danger of being swamped or upset, which other life-boats have alone aimed to guard against. This Life-boat is 36 feet long and 7 feet wide; it is constructed of wrought iron and is clothed in cork 5 inches thick. This greatly increases its buoyancy. Its peculiar characteristic consists, however, in the fact that it is entirely enclosed. There are two chambers for passengers, one in the bow, the other in the stern. A third, amidships, holds the crew. These, four in number, propel the boat by means of a crank connected with a screw in the stern. The helmsman stands in the centre and steers the little craft by means of ropes attached to the rudder, and to enable him to see, a little elevation is constructed above the deck which is provided with glass windows. The chambers of the boat are provided with ventilation by means of pipes which protrude above the deck and catch the air and convey it to them below. The boat is large enough to hold from twelve to sixteen persons besides the crew. The boat is at the same time very light; is easily launched; and can be drawn on wheels over the land by two horses or four men.—*Chris. Weekly.*

A Legend of St. Christopher.

BY MISS MULOCK.

APROBUS, a Syrian blacksmith of renowned stature and wonderful strength, having determined that he would serve none but the mightiest king, went seeking him throughout the world. Failing to find whom he sought, so long as he trusted to his own guidance, he finally asked a thoughtful hermit to tell him what to do. He directed him to station himself on the bank of a dangerous ford, where many pilgrims yearly lost their lives in crossing, and to carry over all who required his aid: and thus humbly serving his fellow-men, he might serve the greatest King, and hope to see Him.

Ere long, Christ the Lord, who holds the seas in the hollow of His hand, came to the fording-place in the guise of a little boy, and asked to be carried over.

"Carry me across!"

The Syrian heard, rose up and braced
His huge limbs to the accustomed toil;
"My child! see how the waters boil!
The night-black heavens look angry faced;
But life is little loss.

"I'll carry thee with joy,
If needs be, safe as nestling dove;
For, o'er this stream, I pilgrims bring,
In service to one Christ, a King,
Whom I have never seen, yet love."

"I thank thee," said the boy.

Cheerful, Aprobos took
The burden on his shoulders great,
And stepped into the waves once more,
When lo! they leaping rise and roar,
And 'neath the little child's light weight,
The tottering giant shook.

"Who art thou?" cried he, wild
Struggling in the middle of the ford;
"Boy, as thou lookest, it seems to me
The whole world's load I bear in thee.
Yet—" "For the sake of Christ thy Lord,
Carry me," said the child.

No more Aprobos swerved,
But gained the farther bank; and then
A voice cried, "Hence Christophoros be;
For, carrying, thou hast carried Me,
The King of angels and of men,
The Master thou hast served."

And, in the moonlight blue,
The saint saw—not the wandering boy,
But Him, who walked upon the sea,
And o'er the plains of Galilee,
Till, filled with mystic, awful joy,
His dear Lord-Christ he knew.

Oh! little is all loss,
And brief the space 'twixt shore and shore,
If Thou, Lord Jesus, on us lay,
Through the deep waters of our way,
The burden that Christophoros bore,
To carry THEE across!

Keep the Heart Alive.

The longer I live, the more expedient I find it to endeavor more and more to extend my sympathies and affections. The natural tendency of advancing years is to narrow and contract these feelings. I do not mean that I wish to form a new friendship every day, to increase my circle of intimates—these are very different affairs. But I find that it conduces to my mental health and happiness to find out all I can which is amiable and lovable in those I come in contact with, and to make the most of it. It may fall very short of what I was once wont to dream of; it may not supply the place of what I have known, felt and tasted; but it is better than nothing. It serves to keep the feelings and affections in exercise; it keeps the heart alive in its humanity; and, till we shall be all spiritual, this is alike our duty and our interest.—*Moravian*.

Stock in Heaven.

A few years ago, a poor emigrant fell from a steamboat and was drowned, leaving his wife and one or two small children, who were on board, in destitute and distressing circumstances. On coming into port, the case was spoken of among a number of "river men," on the wharf, when one of them, with characteristic bluntness, observed, "*Come boys, let's take a little stock in heaven!*" at the same time taking from his pocket a few shillings as his part of a contribution for the benefit of the poor widow.

It is a glorious truth that we are privileged to take stock in heaven. The poor widow who threw in two mites became a large stockholder, and her certificate is recorded both there and here. Reader, *have you ever taken any of this stock?*

The Anchor Within the Veil.

Amid the shadows and the fears
That overcloud this home of tears,
Amid my poverty and sin,
The tempest and the war within,

I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save e'en me—
Jesus, thou Son of God!

Drifting across a sunless sea,
Cold, heavy mist encourtaing me;
Toiling along life's broken road,
With snares around and foes abroad,

I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save e'en me—
Jesus, thou son of God!

Mine is a day of fear and strife,
A needy soul, a needy life,
A needy world, a needy age;
Yet, in my perilous pilgrimage,

I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save e'en me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

To thee I come—ah! only thou
Canst wipe the sweat from off this brow;
Thou, only thou, canst make me whole,
And soothe the fever of my soul;

I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save e'en me—
Jesus, thou Son of God!

On thee I rest—thy love and grace
Are my sole rock and resting-place;
In thee my thirst and hunger sore,
Lord, let me quench for evermore.

I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save e'en me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

'Tis earth, not heaven; 'tis night, not noon;
The sorrowless is coming soon;
But, till the morn of love appears,
Which ends the travail and the tears,

I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save e'en me—
Jesus, thou Son of God! · Anon.

The Fatal Gift.

During one portion of my career as an agent of the Temperance Society, I was engaged for some months in lecturing in the Channel Islands. It was my custom, at that time, to have five evenings in each week in St. Peter's Port. A few members of the Temperance Society were in the habit of kindly assisting by giving short addresses at my meetings.

One of these kind friends I shall ever gratefully remember. He was a member of the Society of Friends, rather advanced in years, of a most benign aspect, and a truly benevolent disposition. One evening he presided at one of my meetings. He remarked that the place was not filled with people, but he trusted that every mind would be filled with good. For his own part, he had felt his thoughts drawn powerfully to the consideration of the danger of the practice of "*giving and offering*" *intoxicating drinks to others*. His memory, moreover, furnished him with a serious illustration of the perilous, and, in some cases, deadly nature of the custom to which he had adverted. He then, in a style which fixed the attention of all, and drew tears from the eyes of many who were present, spoke in substance to the following effect:

"Several years ago, long before I had heard tell of total abstinence, I had occasion to take a voyage in a sailing vessel from this port to the coast of France. I was accompanied by my two daughters. In the expectation that they would be troubled by sea-sickness, and in conformity with the general opinion, we had provided ourselves with a bottle of brandy, to be used as a *quieting* medicine in the event of illness. Of course, I see *now* the absurdity of believing that a strong *stimulant* like ardent spirit is fit to be used when sickness has already over-excited the stomach. Our voyage was prolonged, on account of the wind, or other circumstances, so much,

that night came on soon after we sailed; and we made preparations for retreating to our berths, with a view of passing, if possible, several hours in the enjoyment of repose. Prior to our retirement for the night, we each took a small glassful of brandy, and as the captain of the vessel—a Frenchman—happened to be below just then, he was asked to have a little of our brandy. He tossed off a draught of the liquor with evident relish, smacked his lips after drinking, and, bidding us ‘*adieu*’ went on deck.

“We had not rested more than a few hours ere we were awakened by the trampling of feet, and a confused noise of voices. I hastened on deck. The night was cloudy; the seamen were shouting to each other, and hurrying to and fro. ‘What is the matter?’ I inquired. ‘Where is the captain?’

“Judge of my horror and regret, when I learned that he had been set on to drink by the brandy which I had given, had got intoxicated, and in that shocking state had fallen overboard! The boat was put out, and the men rowed about in the darkness for a considerable time; but alas! all was in vain; the poor man was gone to be seen no more until ‘the sea shall give up its dead.’

“As may be expected, sleep forsook our eyelids for the rest of the night, and the captainless ship neared the French shore just as the sun began to show its face of fire in the glowing east. When we drew nearer our ‘desired haven,’ I took the ship’s glass and began to scan the harbor and its neighborhood. I noticed, in particular, one neat-looking house, near the landing place, at an upper window of which I saw a female, who seemed to be alternately straining her eyes and waving a handkerchief in the direction of our vessel. I said to one of the crew, ‘Some female at that house, with a white front, near the harbor, seems looking out for the ship.’

“The rough French sailor drew the back of his hand across his glistening eyes, all wet with tears, and said in a tone tremulous with emotion, ‘*Ah! God help her! that’s the poor Captain’s wife, monsieur!*’

“My grief was indeed deep and trying; but until light broke upon my mind, I never saw so clearly as I have done since, that my ‘*giving and offering*’ strong drink to a fellow-creature was the moving cause of this most real and distressing tragedy.”

OUR WORK.

REPORTS, CORRESPONDENCE, &c.

Denmark.

Rev. P. E. RYDING, writes March 10th, that he has preached during the year just closed, on the island of Bornholm and in Copenhagen, 290 times, visited 1,780 ships, and conversed with over 14,000 seamen. He speaks of a marked religious interest in Rönne on the island, which commenced New Year’s day, and continued all the week, “Some days our chapel was so overcrowded that many were obliged to stay outside. There have been days when I have preached thrice.

“Many a sunburnt face has shed tears over its own sinfulness, and has come regularly to our congregations. Children of twelve and old men of seventy have found peace. An old sailor of seventy years, who was often standing with the helm in his hand, and seen the high waves arise against the ship, threatening to overthrow it, but has been firm—as the storm was beginning to rage in his inner man, shed tears, crying for ‘grace,’ and Jesus heard him. He is now lying for anchor at the bosom of his Savior, singing the praises of Emanuel.”

Sweden.

REV. N. P. WAHLSTEDT,

was in Malmo, in February, preaching and visiting on vessels. The sailors willingly received the Gospel. The early part of March he labored in Helsingborg, where he found on shipboard an earnest desire to listen to God's word.

A. M. LJUNGBERG'S,

report for January and February, 1872, shows that he has labored faithfully and with success, near Stockholm, in preaching and prayer-meeting services, with large audiences in attendance.

Genoa, Italy.

Rev. DONALD MILLER, under date of March 9th, says, that since his last writing, there has been no opposition to the work of this mission for seamen. The only hindrance, for four months, was twenty-eight days of rain, in which the colporteur could not row around the harbor. In five months this colporteur has sold on shipboard, 20 Bibles, 75 New Testaments, and 260 books and pamphlets. He has given away 23 Testaments, 241 portions of Scripture, and 571 tracts. 260 vessels were boarded in January and February. This does not include many vessels, from alongside of which he has offered books without being able to go on board. Rev. Mr. Miller's own labors among English speaking seamen were somewhat interrupted by illness in December, 1871, and January, 1872, but with that exception he has preached regularly since the mission was commenced, at the Bethel, each Sunday afternoon. We append extracts from the colporteur's journal transmitted by Mr. Miller.

Oct, 4th, 1871. Had a long and interesting conversation with two Valencian sailors on board the Spanish schooner *Speranza*. After hearing my explanations

of the Evangelical religion they requested me to let them have "the book that gives light," and give them the address of the Protestant minister and the house of worship.

11th. Spent considerable time among the emigrants on board the *Po*.

26th. Following a boat full of Sisters of Charity, I visited the French steamer *Ministro Abattucci*, and at once obtained permission from the chief officer to sell. Shortly afterwards the Captain, looking at my books, said that they were obnoxious to many, and that I had no right to sell on any ship, without permission, when I told him that before offering my books on board his ship, I had, according to my invariable custom, asked permission, he allowed me to proceed. I conversed with some of the passengers on religious topics, and had occasion to read some portions of Scripture to Neapolitans, who thanked me warmly.

Dec. 13th. In going my round to day, I visited the French steamer *Tonarez*, and was surprised to hear a voice welcoming me and encouraging me to sell as many books as possible. I turned and found that I was addressed by the Inspector of the Harbor Police!

18th. Boarded a considerable number of coast vessels, selling little but holding some interesting conversations with the crews. Some listened gladly and respectfully, others jeered and advocated Free Masonry.

27th. According to promise I went on board the *Marie Jeannie* and was cordially received by the Captain. The conversation at once turned on religious subjects, and I was not long in perceiving that I had to deal with an infidel. His religion was a religion of morality, but he was a stranger to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. For three hours he kept me discussing in his cabin, and when I rose to come away, he cordially shook hands, and wished me success.

Jan. 1st, 1872. After visiting several steamers and small coasting vessels, I was saluted by a Spanish sailor—one of a crew to which I had given portions of Scripture when they were sailing for Spain. The Captain gave me a friendly invitation to visit the ship at any time. Afterwards I went alongside the *Marie Jeannie*, with the Captain of which I had a long discussion last week. The cabin-boy who had overheard the discussion eagerly bought a New Testament.

4th. Boarded a small coasting smack and sold an Evangelical Almanac to a sailor. The master, a good hearted man, asked me if I had time to go aft and read a portion of Scripture with him, as he very much liked what he had heard of it, but could not read it himself. He seemed to be an honest man with truly christian ideas.

12th. I found among many emigrants on board the *Montevideo*, sixteen Waldensians bound for the Protestant colony of Rosario, in South America.

16th. In compliance with Rev. Mr. Miller's verbal invitations, the sixteen Waldensians came from the *Montevideo* to the floating church, where after a short religious service, they were furnished with a dozen Italian and French Testaments, a number of tracts and illustrated children's papers, for distribution among the emigrants during the voyage.

17th. Spent most of the afternoon on board the *Repito*. The sailors being disengaged, assembled in the forecastle and after reading and explaining some portions of Scripture, I had the pleasure of observing their sincere desire to be instructed in the truth, from their remarks and questions. They all seem to love the Scriptures.

26th. Was cordially welcomed on board the *Giovanni*, of Rio. The mate took me into the cabin where we read several passages of Scripture, and spoke about spiritual things. The crew, partly Protestants and partly Roman Catholics, were present. We talked about

many things which greatly encouraged me, and before I came away, we engaged in what I might almost call family worship.

Feb. 1st. Boarded a cutter and began a religious conversation with the crew. With great attention they listened to my simple remarks, based on a few verses of Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians. Only one, who has frequently been in America and England, possessed a Bible. The others had never heard the simple Gospel before. The Captain at once told me that if his priest knew that he possessed such books, he would give him no peace. Still he listened respectfully, to what I had to say.

12th. Had a pleasant conversation with an old captain who spoke severely against the Roman Catholic Church and the bad practices of her priests. He declared that if he had Christ at his last hours, he required nothing more. I said that so far he was perfectly right, but that a man must not wait till his "last hour" to yield himself up to Christ.

14th. Paid a third visit to the *Liguria* and observed several passengers reading my books. Again sold several tracts and Testaments. Offering a Bible to a priest, I was more amused than surprised at the violent way in which he attacked the *Diodati* version, and declared that if it had been in his power, he would have cut off the heretic's right hand. He was too much enraged to discuss, and went off leaving me to explain some of the differences between the Protestant and Roman Catholic versions, to a large number of passengers, who plainly showed that they had no sympathy with his senseless calumnies, by buying from me and calmly talking about religious matters. To day I felt encouraged, when the captain of a coasting vessel told me that he was much pleased with the Bible he had bought from me some time ago, and that his wife read it with great enjoyment.

19th. Raining. A fisherman came alongside the floating church, and I enter-

ed into conversation with him. I invited him on board and was much pleased with the modest and respectful way in which he spoke of religious things. He spoke intelligently of the recent discussions in Rome, between Protestant ministers and Roman Catholic priests, of which I had not yet heard, and although a Roman Catholic himself, he admitted that the Protestants had shown that St. Peter never was in Rome. He bought a French Testament for his wife.

26th. Went alongside a Sicilian smack. A sailor asked me what kind of books I was selling and if they were not Protestant. He was quite pleased to hear they were, for he believed they were better than Roman Catholic, but expressed his regret that none of their crew could read. One of his shipmates, however, told me that when in the Roman States, he had received five Bibles as gifts, from Protestants who never asked him whether he could read or not. I told them that was not my system.

Florina, Malta.

R. STEPHENS, Missionary, writing from this port, February 29th, and asking for a supply of tracts, says: "The past year has been a very hopeful one, I find among seamen an increased desire generally for the word of God."

Norfolk, Va.

CHAPLAIN CRANE'S SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

In some respects the past year has been one of peculiar interest and encouragement. Besides an increase in the general attendance at Bethel services, and some cheering evidence of spiritual benefit to seamen, there has been manifested an increased confidence and sympathy in the work on the part of resident citizens. This is doubtless in a measure the effect of our public anniversary last May, the first held in a number of years,

and very largely attended—the presence and discourse of Dr. LOOMIS adding greatly to the interest of the occasion. We have also had two Bethel Sunday-School exhibitions one in June, and the other in January—besides a joint Bethel and Sunday-School celebration on the occasion of hoisting a new Bethel flag in November—all of which were fully attended, and have thus brought the Bethel and the work among seamen in the port quite prominently and favorably before the public. It is an encouraging fact that we see more frequently than heretofore familiar faces of seamen who now habitually come to Bethel whenever they return to port.

Our Sunday-School has been more uniformly attended during the entire year, and not subject to the falling off during the warm months usual in previous years—though prevailing sickness among children has somewhat diminished our numbers within the last few weeks.

My visitation of the shipping has averaged nearly 100 vessels a month, (whole number 1,191). Many of them I have visited several times, some every month, or even oftener, and have distributed nearly 22,000 pages of tracts, 2,400 Seamen's Friends and other papers, 263 Bibles and Testaments, furnished two vessels with loan libraries, and obtained 30 new subscribers to the SAILOR'S MAGAZINE, and have (aided by our local organization, the Norfolk Seamen's Friend Society,) provided for about a dozen castaway sailors wrecked on the Carolina coast, and obtained them passage home. In this department of my work I have fully realized our great need of a Sailor's Home, which we hope to provide before long.

The number of foreign vessels arriving, has somewhat increased during the past year, and in several instances we have had a full representation of crews at the Bethel. I have supplied them with the Scriptures and tracts in their own language. They gratefully received them and in one instance the captain very practi-

cally expressed his thanks in behalf of his crew by a liberal donation to the Bethel fund. In Bethel collections, &c., we have raised nearly \$200, sufficient to meet all incidental Bethel expenses.

We now have a semi-monthly line of Liverpool steamers touching here, en route for Baltimore, and landing immigrants and freight, and a number of sailing vessels have freighted here for Europe during the fall and winter. There is a fair prospect of a considerable increase of this foreign trade, and when the projected inland communications are completed we may hope for the long anticipated increase in commercial activity, and with it an enlarged field for Christian labor among seamen.

Respectfully and fraternally yours,
E. N. CRANE.

Wilmington, N. C.

For the month of March, Chaplain BURR, reports 44 vessels visited, and 820 pages of tracts distributed, with considerable religious interest among the seamen in port, and much that seems to promise good fruit.

Charleston, S. C.

The report of Chaplain YATES, for the month of March, was written April 9th, while he was recovering from an attack of small pox, contracted in visiting and attending upon a seaman who died with it, in hospital. He writes: "His was an awful case of confluent small pox, but he seemed so anxious for religious conversation that I tarried with him longer perhaps than would have appeared to some to be prudent. I have, however, this consolation that the poor fellow died a happy Christian, and during the weeks of my incarceration from light and friends, I have had the sweet thought that I did my duty. I hope to be out in a very short time, but I gain strength slowly. I had just begun to have an interesting time in the Bethel when I was laid aside."

Savannah, Ga.

Chaplain WEBB's visits to vessels for the year ending 31st March, 1872, were 916. Pages of tracts distributed, 64,056. Bibles and Testaments, 131. Portions of Scripture, 490. Copies of SAILOR'S MAGAZINE, 65. Seamen's Friend, 957. He also preached 174 sermons, made 38 addresses, obtained 104 signatures to the Temperance Pledge, and made 91 visits to hospitals. Many of the sailors at this port, are foreigners, whom he supplied with reading matter in their native tongue. Very many crews of Spanish vessels in harbor, have been eager for Bibles and Testaments. He reports that the prospect of building a Sailor's Home in Savannah, is becoming brighter every day, through the liberality of a lady who remembered the sailor on her dying-bed, and the energy of Mr. J. T. Thomas, President of the Savannah Port Society. The citizens of Savannah are also credited with an increase in our work, by chaplain Webb and a better attendance at Bethel services is recorded.

Pensacola, Fla.

Chaplain CARTER, of Pensacola, while he reports that he was refused audience by but a single ship's crew with whom he sought to converse, during the month of March, yet expresses his abiding impression of the constant necessity of the influences of the Holy Spirit to make any of his labors efficient, and to support him under the inevitable trials that attend much of his work.

New Orleans, La.

Chaplain PEASE, in a recent letter reviewing his work, says of it, that "in all departments of labor, God has been pleased to give greater success than in any previous year, thanks to his great name. We still hold meetings five nights in the week, and have a few inquirers. I think the sentiment and feeling of the Christian community are increasingly friendly toward me and my work. I hear many

expressions of approval from men of position and influence."

He has recently visited Mobile, and speaks of the work there as in good hands, and pronounces our appropriation in its aid to be judiciously applied.

Galveston, Texas.

Chaplain KRAUSE, preached in March, up to the time of his last report (March 22d) on vessels, but his principal labor was in visiting and conversation on religious things with the crews, and distributing tracts. He went, also, among the boarding-houses and once a week to the hospital. He speaks of the failure of efforts to enlist citizens of Galveston in attempt to secure a stated room for the Bethel services.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Services at Wells street Chapel, with his usual pastoral services engaged the labor of Rev. P. G. Cook, during March. He is coming more and more to be recognized as the Chaplain of the Port, under the auspices of our Society. A considerable number of his congregation have been watermen.

Boston, Mass.

Five sailors were present at the daily morning prayer-meeting at Tremont Temple, on Wednesday of last week. One, who was converted several years since, while on a voyage under command of Capt. Adams, son of Rev. N. Adams, D.D., gave an account of his experience during an absence from which he had just returned. At a meeting held the previous week, at the Marine Hospital, Chelsea, seven sailors rose for prayers, and seven signed the pledge. There is much religious interest among them.

Of the forty-four new members received to the Salem and Mariners' Church in this city, by profession, during the last two years, nineteen are or have been seamen.

Seamen's Exchange: 187 & 189 Cherry St., New York.

The new building, provided for the sailor in the port of New York, was formally dedicated, with appropriate exercises, on the 17th April, 1872. A description of the building, and the work to be done by it, was published in the SAILORS' MAGAZINE for December, 1871.

At 1 o'clock P. M. the entire edifice was thrown open, to invited guests, both ladies and gentlemen, in large numbers, who spent two hours in examining its splendid proportions and fittings. They found in the basement, a large room to be occupied as a store, where the sailor can obtain everything needful for sea outfit, a bowling alley and a smoking room. On the first floor, entrance on Cherry st., is the East Side Savings Bank Banking Room, Capt. C. C. DUNCAN, *President*, and in its rear, an excellently appointed Reading Room, with numerous papers and periodicals, facilities for writing, etc. The second floor is occupied by a noble hall, furnished with settees, carpets, and platform, on which stands a fine organ, built by Messrs. Hook & Hastings, of Boston, Mass. The third floor will be used for the gathering of sailors, in classes, for general instruction.

At 3 o'clock, Capt. DUNCAN, also President of the New York Seamen's Association, which has erected the building, called those present to order, in the great hall. This Association, it should be understood, while entirely distinct from the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, is almost identical with it in the composition of its Board of Officers. It was conceived and brought to life, indeed, in our Rooms, and, as was said, is an offshoot of this Society, called into being, because it was deemed best to prosecute such a work as it will do for seamen, by an agency specially incorporated for that purpose.

Benches upon the platform were occupied by Messrs. A. S. HATCH, WILLIAM A. BOOTH, WILLIAM T. BOOTH, HORACE

GRAY, R. P. BUCK, HOWARD POTTER, Captain N. BRIGGS, Rev. Messrs. HEDSTROM, HOPPER, HALL, LOOMIS, JONES, MURPHY, BATES, H. W. BEECHER, EDWARD BEECHER, Judge BENEDICT, and others.

Rev. C. J. JONES, of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island, offered prayer, and the audience, led by the organ, joined in singing

"All hail the power of Jesus' name."

Capt. DUNCAN, as Chairman of the gathering, then said that there were about 50,000 seamen coming to the port of New York every year, and an average of between 3,000 and 4,000 in the port all the time. These had no places open to them except the boarding-houses. There were Bethels, it was true, but there was no place where these sailors could be gathered together for their good in a secular way. Some of the boarding-houses were good, others middling, and some as bad as could be. There was evidently a need of some place where sailors could meet together in social intercourse, where they could have amusement provided for them apart from any pernicious surroundings, and so some of the gentlemen connected with the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY conceived the idea of the present Exchange. He had enlisted the help of several charitable merchants, and men able to obtain liberal aid from the State Legislature, and the present building had been erected at a cost of about \$110,000, a large amount of which had been paid, and there was little doubt of obtaining the balance. It was proposed to receive the sailor there and make him comfortable; make him feel himself at home; provide him with all necessary information; give him access to all the newspapers of the day from all parts of the country, and to give him amusement and recreation as well. It had been said that this building was too nice for sailors, but he professed to know something of this class of men as well as something of human nature, and he knew how easy it was for any one to adapt himself to

something better than he had been accustomed to. He knew, too, that sailors were but human, after all; they liked soft bread better than hard, and kind words better than unkind ones; and there was no class of men more susceptible to good influences than were sailors. There was not a doubt but that the present enterprise would do much towards elevating their condition. Connected with the institution was a Savings Bank. The sailor could not go down in Wall street to deposit his money, and here was provided a place of deposit where he could feel perfectly sure his earnings would be safely kept for him until his return from his voyage, or, if accident befell him, would be sent to his relations as he might direct.

Letters were read from President GRANT, expressing sympathy with the enterprise and his regret at not being able to accept the invitation to be present; from Secretary ROBESON and from Admiral PORTER; and it was stated that a letter had also been received from GOVERNOR HOFFMAN to the same effect.

Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, Mr. A. S. HATCH, and Judge BENEDICT, of the U. S. District Court, then made most interesting and pertinent addresses, which were interspersed with fine singing from the Trinity Glee Club. After the benediction from Rev. EDWARD HOPPER, D. D., the assembly separated, rejoicing over the successful entry upon what promises to be a great step in the moral and social elevation of seamen in this port. It was announced that there would be preaching in the hall on Sabbath evening, April 21st, by Rev. HARMON LOOMIS, D. D.

Obituaries.

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

In the death of Prof. MORSE, which occurred April 2d, at the age of eighty-one years the whole nation has sustained an irreparable loss. Indeed, from nearly every civilized country testimonials have

already been received, expressive of universal bereavement and respect for his memory. The following notice of his greatest work, shows him to have been the world's benefactor.

"While returning from Europe in the ship *Sully*, in 1832, he gave some attention to current discoveries in electricity, and reached a crude outline of what has since grown into modern telegraphic correspondence. The idea was based upon sound philosophical data, and was reduced to practice during the next three years. But the performance was very imperfect at first, and Congress, when appealed to for aid in 1837, plainly considered the scheme impracticable. England also refused a patent, and France merely allowed the claim to be filed. But at the last hour of the Congress that expired in March, 1843, an appropriation of \$30,000 was made to test the scheme.

"The next year a line was operating between Washington and Baltimore, and from that day to this the extension and improvement of the system have been constant. His honors as the inventor, though challenged, have been conceded by the Governments of France, Spain, Turkey, Prussia, Austria, Denmark, Russia, and other countries, as well as our own, and the representatives of ten nations met in Paris in 1857, and awarded him several hundred thousand francs for his achievements.

"In 1842 he applied his system to submarine communication in a small way, and first suggested the Atlantic cable. June 10th, 1871, a more notable recognition of his services was made in New York, by erecting a fine statue in Central Park. It was then shown that in less than thirty years from the day when Mr. Morse urged his invention upon Congress, nearly or quite one million miles of telegraph have been constructed—in all parts of Europe, in Asia, and in Africa, Japan, and Australia."

Prof. Morse was a man of decided religious character, having been the superintendent of one of the first Sabbath-schools ever held in this country, in Charlestown, Mass., in his father's church; and in all the vicissitudes and struggles and successes of his remarkable career, he maintained under all circumstances a most conscientious and devotional habit of life, such as becomes an humble and consistent Christian.

CAPTAIN EDWARD RICHARDSON.

The death of this remarkable man occurred April 6th, at his residence, in the City of Brooklyn. His funeral obsequies were performed in the Washington Avenue Church, Brooklyn, of which he was a member. CAPTAIN RICHARDSON was, probably, better known to the seafaring men who visit this city, than any other man. His many good deeds and meritorious actions will live long in the minds of those who have been beholden to him for favors, and thousands afloat and ashore will drop a silent tear to the memory of one whom all loved and respected. Forty years ago Capt. Richardson inaugurated the temperance principle upon the line of packet ships plying between the United States and Europe. He was the founder of the New York Marine Temperance Society—of which he continued to be an active member until the hour of his death—of the Seamen's Home and the Water Street Mission. He was for seven years, President of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and subsequently for a time, Superintendent of the Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street, the erection of which he personally inspected. He was also a Vice-President of the New York Port Society, and the originator and prime mover in an establishment in Brooklyn, devoted to the clothing and feeding of unhappy outcasts.

His life was an eventful one, and fraught with usefulness up to its close. It has been truly said of him that he spent his hard-earned savings in ministering to the spiritual and bodily welfare of his fellow men.

Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry St.

MR. ALEXANDER reports one hundred and fifty-four arrivals during the month of March. These deposited with him \$1,500, of which \$200 were placed in the Saving Bank and \$660 sent to relatives. In the same time twenty-five went to sea from the HOME without advance, and seven were sent to the hospital.

Position of the Principal Planets for May, 1872.

MERCURY is a morning star, rising on the 1st thirty minutes before the sun, and about 14° north of east; is in conjunction with the moon on the evening of the 5th, at 9h. 49m., being 1° 51' north; is stationary among the stars on the evening of the 6th, at 10h. 53m.; is in conjunction with Mars on the morning of the 8th, at 5h. 56m., being 59' south; is at its greatest western elongation on the morning of the 22d, at 2h. 46m., being 25° 13' away from the sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the 25th.

VENUS is also a morning star rising on the 1st 46m. before the sun, and 9° 40' north of east; is in conjunction with the moon on the evening of the 5th, at 3h. 32m. being 2° 30' north.

MARS is an evening star, until the 17th, after which a morning star to the end of the month; is in conjunction with the moon on the 7th, at 13m. past noon, being 2° 13' north; is in conjunction with the sun on the forenoon of the 17th, at 10h. 56m.

JUPITER is an evening star, on the 1st, setting 5h. 31m. after the sun, and 29° 38' north of west; is in conjunction with the moon on the evening of the 12th, at 8h. 57m., being 3° 1' south.

SATURN rises on the 1st, 8m. past midnight and 28° 49' south of east; is at the same time stationary among the stars; is in conjunction with the moon on the 26th, at 34m. past midnight, being 3° 33' north.

N. Y. University.

R. H. B.

Disasters in March, 1872.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month, is 56, of which 27 were wrecked, 14 abandoned, 2 sunk by collision, 2 burned, 8 foundered, and 3 are missing. They are classed as follows, viz: 1 ship, 15 barks, 6 brigs, 33 schooners, and 1 sloop, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$788,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w*, were wrecked, *a*, abandoned, *b*, burned, *sc*, sunk by collision, *f*, foundered, and *m*, missing.

SHIP.

Charlotte, *w*, from Philadelphia, for Antwerp.

BARKS.

Charlotte, *m*, from S. Francisco, for Hong Kong.
Mary C. Fox, *f*, from Port Johnson, for Portland.
Annie, *w*, from Zaza, for New York.
Sirian Star, *w*, from London, for Philadelphia.
Floris, *w*, from Tagal, for Rotterdam.
Warren Ordway, *w*, from Boston, for Havana.
Gaetauo, *w*, from Boston, for Cadiz.
Annie M. Cann, *a*, from Leith, for Boston.
Thos. Dallett, *a*, from Porto Cabello, for N. York.
Amazon, *w*, from Galveston, for Liverpool.
Stampede, *a*, from St. John, N. B., for Cardenas.
Harry Booth, *w*, from St. Nazaire, for Barbadoes.
Helena, *a*, from Wilmington, for Rotterdam.
Mozart, *a*, from Doboy, Ga., for Shields.
Triumph, *a*, from London, for Providence.

BRIGS.

Cleo, *w*, from Wilmington, for Queenstown.
Mystic, *f*, from Baltimore, for Boston.
Georgie, *b*, from Georgetown, for New York.
Bachelor, *a*, from Matanzas, for New York.
Telegraph, *a*, from New York, for Hamburg.
Stromness, *w*, from Inagua, for Boston.

SCHOONERS.

Messenger, *m*, (Fisherman.)
R. A. Edwards, *a*, from Pamlico, for Philadelphia.
Amelia, *b*, (At Portsmouth, N. H.)
W. L. Rose, *sc*, (Near Chincoteague.)
Rena, *f*, from New York, for Winterport.
Clara Bell, *w*, from New York, for Boston.
Harry Conrad, *sc*, from Baltimore, for N. York.
Willie, *w*, from Porto Rico, for Baltimore.
Jane F. Durfee, *a*, from Georgetown, for Fall River.
West Evans, *w*, (At Point Arena, Cal.)
Dirigo, *f*, from New Bedford, for Baltimore.
Liberty, *w*, (At Timber Cove, Cal.)
Silver Bell, *f*, from Portland, for New York.
S. P. M. Tasker, *w*, from Philadelphia, for Boston.
Adelia Kelley, *w*, from Baltimore, for Plymouth, Mass.
New Zealand, *w*, from Jersey City, for Portland.
Alex. Miliken, *w*, from New York, for Boston.
Hattie E. Dodge, *f*, from Baltimore, for Boston.
Maggie A. Smith, *a*, from St. John, N. B., for Boston.
Ripple, *w*, from Lunenburg, for Boston.
T. D. Wilder, *w*, from Matanzas, for Philadelphia.
Alice G. Grace, *w*, from Boston, for Rockport, Mass.
Sarah J. Brower, *w*.
John C. Calhoun, *f*, (In Potomac River.)
Willie Mowe, *a*, from Fernandina, for New York.
Ella Hay, *w*, from Inagua, for New York.
Bay State, *w*, from Hoboken, for Somerset.
Seven Stars, *f*, (In Rappahannock River.)
A. H. Cain, *a*, from Savannah, for Philadelphia.
P. Grant, *a*, from Rockland, for Halifax.
Emma, *m*, from Little River, for New York.
J. P. Allen, *w*.
Wm. Ebbitt, *w*, from Matanzas, for Mobile.

SLOOP

S. V. Rogers, *w*, (On Fire Island bar.)

In addition to the above, there are a number of vessels long overdue at their various ports of destination, but not yet given up as lost.

Receipts for March, 1872.

MAINE.

Bucksport, legacy Dan'l Robinson.....\$500 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Chichester, Cong. ch..... 4 00
 Dunbarton, Cong. ch..... 6 00
 Exeter, 2d Cong. ch..... 19 85
 Nath'l Gordon, Lib'y..... 20 00
 Milford, Capt. Barnsdell..... 10 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover, W. E. Mather..... 5 00
 Berkley, Cong. ch..... 43 37
 Boston, Brig Ann W. Goddard..... 2 00
 A Friend of Shipwrecked Seamen..... 30 00
 Brookline, Harvard ch..... 134 61
 Chicopee, 2d Cong. ch..... 46 78
 Dalton, Cong. ch..... 19 65
 Danvers, Cong. ch..... 33 35
 Dunstable, Cong. ch..... 13 10
 Hardwick, Rev. E. W. Merritt..... 1 00
 Longmeadow, Gents' Benev't Soc'y..... 36 25
 Ladies' Benev't Soc'y..... 28 31
 Middletown, Cong. ch..... 11 62
 Mittenague, S. S. Cong. ch. Lib'y..... 20 00
 Monson, Cong ch., to const. E. F. Morris L. M..... 31 00
 Newburyport, Mrs. J. H. Spring..... 15 00
 Newton Centre, Cong. ch..... 20 00
 Pepperell, Cong. ch..... 9 00
 Pittsfield, South Cong. ch..... 29 00
 Mrs. Walter Tracy, to const. Miss Sarah J. Loomis, L. M..... 30 00
 Royalston, Mrs. Emily B. Ripley..... 20 00
 " Miss C. Bullock..... 20 00
 So. Boston, Union ch..... 11 84
 So. Egremont, Josiah Bacon..... 1 00
 Spencer, Cong. ch..... 47 50
 Springfield, 1st Cong. ch., to const. Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Reed, L. M's.... 43 53
 Stockbridge, Cong. ch..... 58 40
 Walpole, Cong. ch..... 21 00
 W. Springfield, 1st Cong. ch. S. S. Lib'y..... 20 00

RHODE ISLAND

Providence, Mrs. Benj. Hoppin..... 5 00
 Tiverton Four Corners, A. L. Whitman..... 5 00

CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, Cong. ch..... 56 60
 Ellington, Cong. ch..... 12 30
 Enfield, 1st Cong. ch., Lib'y..... 50 00
 Cong. ch., of which Mrs. Dr. Grant, \$20, Lib'y..... 37 19
 E. Windsor, Cong. ch., with previous donation, to const. Rev. D. H. Thayer, L. M..... 25 00
 Granby, Cong. ch..... 12 00
 Greenwich, 2d Cong. ch., add'l J. H. Knapp, Lib'y..... 15 00
 Hartford, Salmon Crossett..... 1 00
 Middletown, 1st Cong. ch..... 52 25
 " additional..... 30 00
 So. Norwalk, Dudley P. Ely..... 5 00
 Stamford, 1st Cong. ch..... 34 25
 Wallingford, Cong. ch..... 29 50
 Watertown, J. De Forest, with previous donation, to const. A. Hotchkiss, L. M..... 20 00
 W. Hartford, S. S. Cong. ch..... 13 22
 W. Haven, Cong. ch..... 46 30
 W. Winsted, 2d Cong. ch., add'l..... 25 00
 2d Cong. ch., S. S., lib'y..... 26 00

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, S. S. Miss'y Associa'n, Ainslee St. Pres. ch., Lib'y..... 20 00
 Canandaigua, Cong. ch..... 83 48
 M. E. ch..... 11 24
 M. E. ch. S. S., Lib'y..... 20 00
 Catskill, Ref. ch..... 27 36
 Churchill, Cong. ch..... 11 00
 Rev. Mr. Grunendike..... 1 00

Claverack, Ref. ch..... 12 09
 Dryden, Pres. ch..... 10 50
 M. E. ch..... 5 85
 Houseville, S. S. M. E. ch..... 16 50
 Hudson, Mrs. R. J. Wells..... 10 00
 Lima, Bapt. ch. S. S., Lib'y..... 20 69
 Livonia, Estate, Mrs. Anna B. Clark, per Rev. W. H. Millham..... 50 00
 New York City, Wm. Libbey, to const. Mrs. Eliz. Libbey, L. D., \$100, and Wm. Libbey, Jr., L. M., 30; Jonas Marsh Libbey, L. M., \$30, and Frederick A. Libbey, L. M., \$30..... 190 00
 G. W. Lane, for Genoa..... 50 00
 Howland & Aspinwall..... 50 00
 Truman H. Baldwin, to const. self L. M..... 30 00
 C. D. Van Wagenen..... 25 00
 Edmund Penfold..... 25 00
 J. G. De Forest..... 25 00
 Joseph Howland..... 25 00
 Robbins & Appleton..... 25 00
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 Newark, Mrs. Wm. Rankin..... 52 00
 Jno. C. Nutman, Lib'y..... 20 00
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Knoxville, Mrs. F. L. Savage..... 1 00

WISCONSIN.

Beloit, Mrs. L. E. Allen..... 5 00

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May.

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1872.

SURROUNDED BY THE TIDE.

The Bay of Fundy, between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, is remarkable for its very high tides. At the time called "spring-tides," they rise between sixty and seventy feet. The Basin of Mines is one of the two branches into which this large bay divides itself. It is in the passage which connects the former with the latter that the tides attain their greatest height. The Basin of Mines itself is about a hundred miles long, and twenty broad. Its southern shore is, for the most part, quite low, and very sloping; so that when it is low water, or when the "tide is out" as it is called, there is a beach which extends nearly four miles from high-water mark. This beach has a regular slope throughout, with the exception of a large sand-bank about ten feet high, which is a long distance from the main land, and which is not covered by the tide until the passage between it and the shore is filled, for a mile in breadth, with water.

A few years ago, a boy wandered down the beach we have described, and, allured by the pretty shells he found left by the receding tide, ventured upon the sand-bank. He knew the danger of doing so, but probably thought he would come off

in plenty of time. After he had crossed the channel, he was tempted to go on farther, and see what was to be found on the other side of this strange mound of sand. It was some distance; and, by the time he had reached it, the flood set in with its usual impetuosity. He started hastily for the crossing-place; but, with the returning tide, a thick fog came in from the outer Bay. Amid its darkness he was completely bewildered. Every new direction that he took led him only to the water, which was now rising with startling rapidity. It was utterly impossible for him to find any place of escape from the treacherous island, which would soon be covered by the advancing tide. Half frantic, he shrieked at the top of his voice: but there was no answer to his cries; for, although he was heard on the shore, the wind blew in the wrong direction for any reply to come back to him. Soon the fog cleared up, but only to show that the tide was rushing at the rate of six or seven miles an hour through the channel between him and the shore, and that the last piece of ground on which he could stand would, in less than half an hour, be covered with water.

Meantime, preparations were being

made on shore for his rescue. A boat was got ready, and a team attached to it to draw it down to the water. But, alas! all human efforts were vain. Before the boat could be drawn to such a point on the beach as would enable them to row to him without being carried away by the swift tide, the treacherous sand-bank was covered: he was dragged off by the strong current, and drowned in those waters that he had delighted, from earliest childhood, to see sparkle and leap in the sunshine.

This unfortunate circumstance gives us a good illustration of the deadly effects of sin, and of the power of temptation. Some little boy or girl is tempted to indulge in some new sin; at first merely out of curiosity perhaps, just to see if what has been said by older persons about the danger of doing so is really true. When the channel has once been crossed, the mysterious island presents new attractions. Self-confidence obscures the vision of the soul, just as fog does the bodily eye. While trusting in our own strength, we lose the way: and, when some misfortune or trouble comes, we seek to return; or perhaps we may put off our attempt to return until we see the dark waves of the river of death rising around us. But, alas! too many find that they have gone on too long; and the evil habit is so firmly fixed upon them, that they can not break it off. There are, however, two remarkable points of difference in the two cases. The boat sent to rescue the poor boy was guided by human hands, and failed: that sent by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ can not fail if we call to him in time. His was a mere temporal death, but the death of those who fall into sin is *eternal*.—*Well Spring*.

Library Reports.

During March, 1872, forty-seven libraries went to sea from the Society's Rooms, 80 Wall Street—eighteen new and twenty-nine refitted, as follows: No. 1,310, on schr. *Frank & Nellie*, for Sav-

annah; No. 1,445, on schr. *A. Rokes*, for Matanzas; No. 1,662, "books were the means of much good to all," gone to Hayti, on brig *D. H. Bisbee*; No. 1,697, on brig *N. Ross*, for Port Au Platt; No. 1,822, on schr. *Roswell*, for Porto Rico; No. 1,872, "books read with good results," gone to Para, on schr. *F. Howard*; No. 1,921, on brig *Hattie*, for Galveston; No. 1,974, on brig *A. Richardson*, for Galveston; No. 2,160, on schr. *Index*, for Indianola; No. 2,235, "Read with profit," gone to Pernambuco, on brig *Oak Point*; No. 2,478, on schr. *E. Hart*, for Cuba; No. 2,522, on brig *G. Burnham*, for Cardenas; No. 2,592, on schr. *I. E. Merservey*, for Savannah; No. 2,641, on schr. *A. Hugel*, for Santa Martha; No. 2,725, on schr. *C. M. Newins*, for Mobile; No. 2,836, on schr. *J. Wall*, for Jacksonville; No. 2,837, been two voyages to the East Indies, "books read with interest," gone to Indianola, on schr. *N. Crowell*; No. 3,059, on schr. *Alzena*, for Havana; No. 3,387, on brig *Agenora*, for Buenos Ayres; No. 3,509, on bark *Chieftain*, for Gibraltar; No. 3,535, on brig *J. Kendall*, for Gibraltar; No. 3,542, on schr. *Izetta*, for West Indies; No. 3,564, on schr. *R. W. Godfrey*, for Havana; No. 3,568, on brig *L. W. Snow*, for Matanzas; No. 3,592, on brig *Branch*, for West Indies; No. 3,727, on brig, *Atalaya*, for Cienfuegos; No. 3,808, on brig *L. M. Merritt*, for Trinidad.

NEW YORK, March 28th, 1872.

No. 3,826.—Now on brig *Rhone*, bound for Gibraltar.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find \$5, to be used for Seamen's Libraries. I regret that the one on board the *Mary Whitridge* has been injured so much on this voyage, being wet by the shipping of a sea which filled our cabin, wetting everything in it. I should be pleased to have one of your libraries next voyage, as I take great pleasure in reading them myself, as do also my passengers and crew. The ship will sail about the 20th of April for Shanghai.

Respectfully yours, BENJ. F. CUTTLE.

Nos. 2,329 and 2,330.

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER,
WRITTEN BY CAPT. F. C. DUNCAN, OF
THE SHIP "KATE DAVENPORT," DATED
BOMBAY, FEB. 11th, 1872.

"There is one thing that I wish to write you about, and which I know will cause you to bless God. During the past two months (at sea) it seemed as though He Himself was in our ship, for the mate, the carpenter, the cook, and ten of the sailors, have become christians. I have sometimes felt an indescribable awe when walking the deck Sunday evenings, to hear hymns rising from different parts of the ship in totally different languages; here a group of Swedes led by the carpenter, there a few Dutchmen praising God in their tongue, and so on through all the languages of Northern Europe. It commenced with the conversion of the carpenter, through the instrumentality of the second mate, who is a member of the Mariners' Church, in Catharine Street, N. Y. Thence the movement spread until it became awful. Men at work in the rigging crying like children—a subdued, half-expectant, half wondering feeling, seemed to pervade the ship. All conversation seemed turned to religious subjects, and I can conscientiously affirm that I've not heard an oath from officers nor men for three months. The mate held out a long time, but at a prayer meeting which was held in the cabin, at the request of the sailors, he publicly announced his conversion. Nearly all of our crew have signed the temperance pledge, and at that prayer meeting to which I alluded, every person in the cabin expressed the purpose to serve God, and lead christian lives.

Father, I never saw a more impressive sight. There was I leading a meeting, where strong men, hardened sailors and mates, were crying like children. The mate and second mate offered up prayers, while I talked and read the Bible. The discipline of the ship remains intact. The officers are as exacting as ever and the men now work cheerfully and wil-

lingly. It is splendid to see how smoothly everything goes on. To show you what a firm hold this religious feeling has taken of the ship's company, I will tell you what happened two nights ago, here in port. I wanted the log-book, and went to the mate's room for it. The door was closed, and I could hear a voice reading, as I thought. We had been hard at work all day discharging coals, so I concluded that the mate was in bed, and was reading aloud. I opened the door and there were the mate and second mate and one of the sailors, on their knees, while the second mate was praying aloud.

Thank the American Seamen's Friend Society for me, for their libraries and tracts, which have done more good than I can tell."

Good use of Eyes, Ears, and Hands.

"Think much, and use hands, ears, and eyes;
But little speak, if you be wise."

"Oh, I am glad to see you, my dear, dear Aunt Jane!" cried Ben as he ran to the door to meet his aunt, and jumped for joy; for he had not seen her for more than a month.

May was quite as glad as was Ben that her aunt was come; though May spoke not a word: she gave but a smile and a fond kiss to her aunt.

"Oh Aunt Jane, I will show you all my nice new toys!" cried Ben. And he ran and brought his bat and his ball, his fife and his drum, ere his aunt had time to sit down or to take off her hat.

Ben blew his fife, and beat his drum, and made a great, great noise.

Aunt Jane was much tired,—for she had come a long, long way,—and she could not bear so much noise; though she was so kind, that she did not like to stop Ben's play. But May saw her aunt put her hand to her head; and May said in a low voice to Ben, "Do, do put down the drum, and let us be quite still. I see that Aunt Jane has a pain in her head."

May had made good use of her eyes.

"I have hurt my poor foot; I can

scarce walk," said Aunt Jane as she sat down on a chair.

"I am so vexed, dear aunt!" cried Ben.

May spoke not a word; but she went for a stool for her aunt to rest her foot on.

May had made good use of her ears.

Ben talked a great deal, and did not leave his aunt to be still and rest. He took her bag; he played with it; he shook it, and out of it fell four or five pence. They rolled, one this way, and one that, on the floor and on the rug: there was fear that some might be lost.

"I am so vexed!" cried Ben. He picked up one,—just one,—and then ran off to his play.

May spoke not one word; but she went down on her knees, and looked on the rug and near the wall, and picked up all the pence, one by one, and put them back in the bag.

May had made good use of her hands.

Which loved Aunt Jane best, which helped her most,—Ben with his loud talk, or May with her eyes and ears and hands?—*London Paper.*

A Morning Sunbeam.

A nestling in the little crib,

A soft hand laid upon my head,

A gentle whisper in my ear

"Mamma, I'm tumin' into bed!"

"O, no," I said, "'twill never do;

Now shut those little peepers tight,

And sleep and dream till morning breaks,

Then you may come—when comes the light."

Again a nestling in the crib,

As down to rest my birdie lay,

I listened, for I thought she spoke,

"Huddy up light," I heard her say.

Then all was still. We slept again

Till dawn lit up the eastern sky.

Then sang my Birdie, sweet and clear,

"Now light has tum, and so has I!"

Storm at Sea.

A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife, who was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for

the safety of the vessel, was so surprised with his composure and serenity, that she cried out, "My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm? He rose from his chair that was lashed to the deck, supporting himself by a pillar of the bed-place, drew his sword and pointed it to the breast of his wife, saying:

"Are you afraid of that sword?"

She immediately answered, "No."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because" rejoined the lady, "I know it is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me to well too hurt me."

"Then," said he "remember, I know in whom I believe, and that He holds the winds in his fists and the waters in the hollow of His hands,"

Not a Bad Rule.

The subject of giving was up in a church in the vicinity of Boston lately, and elicited a new rule, which, we presume, has not yet been adopted to any wide extent. A gentleman, well known for his large benefactions, was asked what part of his income he was in the habit of contributing to the Lord's treasury. "I do not know," said he; "I do very much as the woman did who was famous for the excellence of her rhubarb pies. She put in as much sugar as her conscience would allow, and then shut her eyes and put in a handful more. I give all my conscience approves, and then add a handful without counting it."

American Seamen's Friend Society.

W. A. BOOTH, *President,*

S. H. HALL, D. D., *Corr. Sec. & Treas.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent,*

80 WALL STREET, N. Y.

OFFICES } Rev. S. W. HANKS, 18 Cornhill, Boston.
AND
ADDRESS. } Rev. H. BEEBE, New Haven, Ct.

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

'I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society.'

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall-street, N. Y., and 13 Cornhill, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman-street.

SAVINGS BANK FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 78 Wall-street, and Boston, Tremont-street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

SAILORS' HOMES

LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry-street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society..	Fred'k Alexander.
153 Thompson street, (colored).....	" " " "	W. P. Powell.
BOSTON, 99 Purchase street.....	Boston " " "	{ Capts. Henry & Robert Smith.
P. HILADELPHIA, 422 South Front street..	Penn. " " "	Capt. J. T. Robinson.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front and Dock sts..	Wilm. Seamen's Frnd Soc'y.	Capt. W. J. Penton.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society..	Capt. Jno. McCormick.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society..	Henry Parsons.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " "	" " "
HONOLULU, S. I.....	Honolulu " " "	Mrs. Crabbe.

INDEPENDENT SOCIETIES AND PRIVATE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW YORK, 338 Pearl street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc'y for Seamen	Charles Blake.
334 & 336 Pearl street.....	Private.....	" " "
4 Catharine Lane, (colored).....	do.....	G. F. Thompson.
45 Oliver street.....	do.....	Christ. Bowman.
66 do do.....	do.....	Charles G. Anfarth.
BOSTON, N. Square, "Mariners House"	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y.	N. Hamilton.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	David Ilsley.
BALTIMORE, 65 Thames Street.....	Seamen's Union Bethel Soc'y	Edward Kirby.

MARINERS' CHURCHES.

LOCATION.	SUSTAINED BY	MINISTERS.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison st.	New York Port Society....	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
Cor. Water and Dover streets.....	Mission " " "	" " "
275 West street.....	" " " "	" B. F. Millard.
Foot of Pike street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society.....	" Robt. J. Walker.
Foot of Hubert street, N. R.....	" " " "	" H. F. Roberts.
Open air Service, Coenties Slip.....	" " " "	" " "
Swedish and English, pier 11, N. R.	Methodist.....	" O. G. Hedstrom.
Oliver, cor. Henry street.....	Baptist.....	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Cor. Henry and Market sts.....	Sea and Land, Presbyterian.	" E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, 8 President street.....	Am. Sea. Friend Society.. {	" E. O. Bates.
BUFFALO.....	" " " "	" O. Holland.
ALBANY, Montgomery street.....	Methodist.....	" P. G. Cook.
BOSTON, cor. Salem and N. Bennet sts..	Boston Sea. Friend Society..	" John Miles.
North Square.....	Boston Port Society.....	" S. H. Hayes.
Cor. Commercial and Lewis streets	Baptist Bethel Society.....	" Geo. S. Noyes.
Richmond street.....	Episcopal.....	" H. A. Cooke.
PORTLAND, Me. Fore st. nr. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Frnd Soc'y..	" J. P. Robinson.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden st.	Prov. Sea. Friend Society..	" F. Southworth.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society..	" C. M. Winchester.
PHILADELPHIA, cor. Front & Union sts.	Presbyterian.....	" J. D. Butler.
Cor. Shippen and Penn streets.....	Methodist.....	" D. H. Emerson, D.D.
Catharine street.....	Episcopal.....	" G. W. McLaughlin.
Church st. above Navy Yard.....	Baptist.....	" W. B. Erben.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice and Anna streets.	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y..	" Joseph Perry.
Cor. Light and Lee streets.....	Baltimore, S. B.....	" Francis McCartney
NORFOLK.....	{ American & Norfolk Sea. }	" R. R. Murphy.
CHARLESTON, Church, nr. Water street	Friend Societies.....	" E. N. Crane.
SAVANNAH.....	" " " "	" Wm. B. Yates.
MOBILE, Church street, near Water...	" " " "	" Richard Webb.
NEW ORLEANS.....	" " " "	" L. H. Pease.

CONSIDERATIONS

THAT URGE TO

CHRISTIAN EFFORT IN BEHALF OF SEAMEN.

1.—It is following the example of Christ. He commenced his public ministry among seamen. His early converts were sea-faring men, and at least four of his twelve apostles were chosen from the same calling.

2.—They have the elements of a noble character. They are men, brave, hardy, generous. They need only to become the servants of Christ, to exhibit some of the noblest specimens of manhood.

3.—They are peculiarly exposed to hardship. They encounter storm and shipwreck, are treated often with great cruelty, are cheated and plundered on shore, and frequently have neither home nor friends.

4.—Vast interests are committed to their care. They have for the time being the custody of ship and cargo, and all on board. Millions of treasure, and many thousand precious lives are dependent upon their fidelity and skill.

5.—Sailors exert a vast influence in the world. They go everywhere, visit every shore and every port, and come into contact with every class of people. Wicked sailors scatter the seeds of pollution and death, hinder the work of missions, and bring reproach on their calling and country. Let them become the servants of Christ, and they will be equally efficient in doing good.

6.—They cannot provide the means of grace for themselves. They are poor, without local attachments, or organization; they cannot co-operate, as landmen do, for their own mutual improvement.

7.—Their occupation calls them away from established means of grace, and subjects them to demoralizing influences of every kind.

8.—Seamen are rapidly increasing in numbers. Thirty years ago 90,000 seamen manned all our ships; now 500,000 are required. In British and American ships alone are 1,000,000 seamen. Three millions of men find employment upon the sea.

9.—Seamen are rapidly passing to eternity. They are the most short-lived of all professions—sickness, exposure, and vice making the average duration of a sea-life less than twelve years. They pass away like the swift ships. What is done for them must be done quickly.

10.—Efforts for the salvation of seamen are attended with success. Through God's blessing many seamen have become sober, frugal and virtuous; more than 80,000 have been induced to sign the Temperance pledge; three millions of their savings are on deposit in the Seamen's Savings Bank of New York, and many hundreds of them have been hopelessly converted to God.

11.—Their conversion to Christ is a subject of Divine promise. "The abundance of the sea shall be converted unto Thee." "The ships of Tarshish first, to bring her sons from far, their silver and gold with them to the name of the Lord." "The Sea is His."

12.—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto ME."